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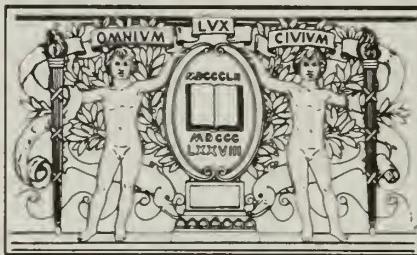


TOUR OF DUTY

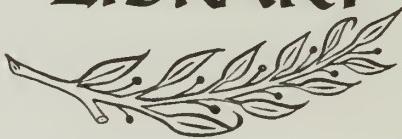
"A" COMPANY, 11TH REGIMENT INFANTRY
MASSACHUSETTS STATE GUARD

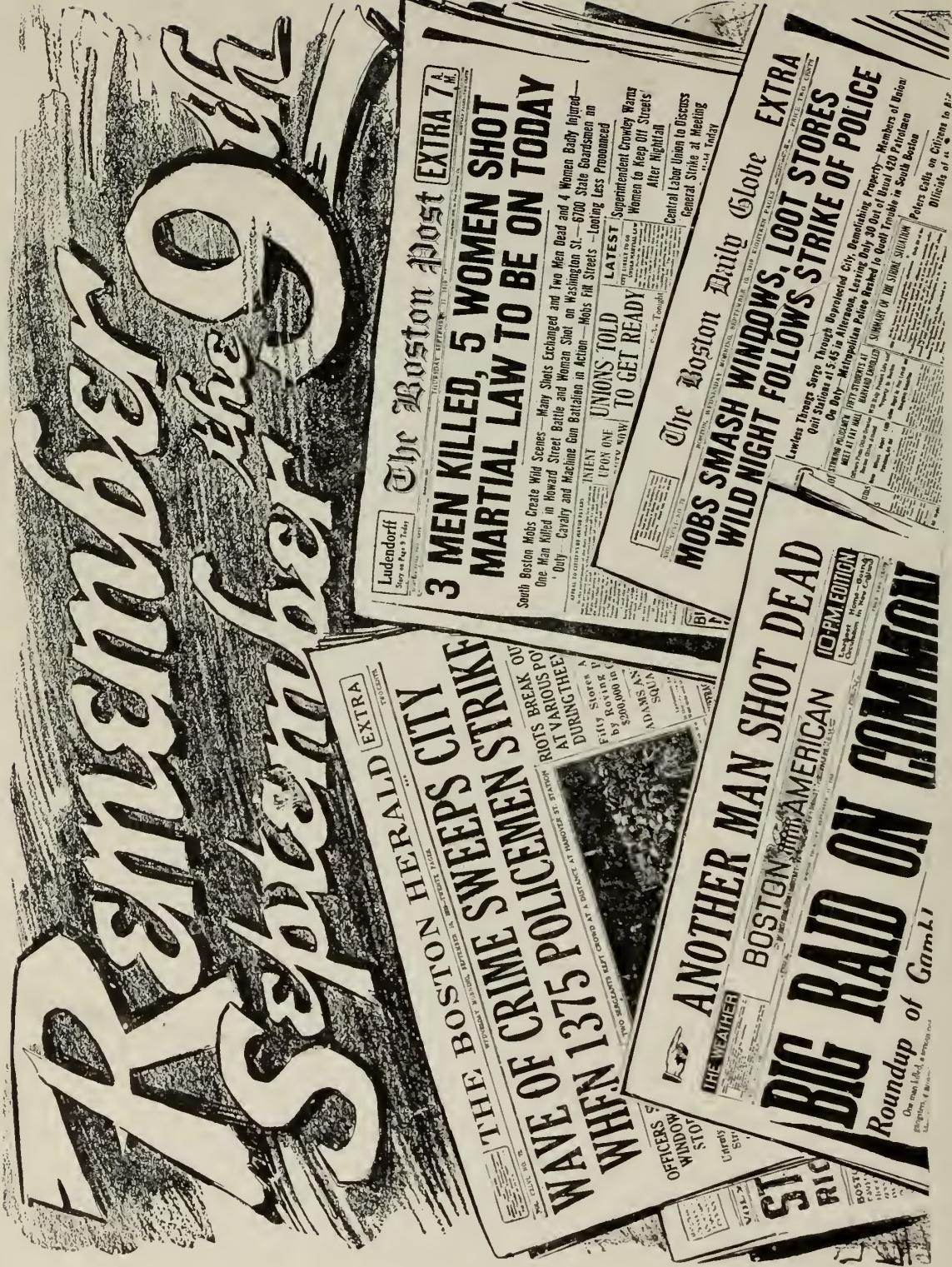
BOSTON POLICE STRIKE
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN

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Dates, Data and Ditties

TOUR OF DUTY

A Company, 11th Regiment Infantry
Massachusetts State Guard

During the Strike of *the*
Boston Police



Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen

U A 251
10th
1938
1920

To
MAJOR JOHN C. DE MILLE
COMMANDING FIRST BATTALION, 11TH INFANTRY, M. S. G.
First Captain and constant guiding influence
of
A COMPANY
this little book is respectfully and
affectionately dedicated

Foreword

THE purpose of this little volume is to provide for the members of **A** Company a souvenir of the tour of duty in Boston during the strike of the police in the autumn of 1919. The compilers undertook the task as a self-imposed "fatigue duty." The contents have been collected from a number of different sources, both official and unofficial, as no complete diary of all the happenings was available.

Although the police strike in Boston became a question of national importance on account of the vital issues involved, it must be recognized that the story of any one Company is of interest only to the personnel of that Company and to their immediate friends. This book has been compiled on that basis — it is a Company production for Company consumption.

January 1, 1920.



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ROSTER OF A COMPANY

11th Regiment Infantry, Massachusetts State Guard

TOUR OF DUTY IN BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1919

Captain

HENRY, W. CROWELL

First Lieutenant

ELLIS SPEAR, Jr.

Second Lieutenant

JOHN A. MACCLELLAN

Supply Sergeant

WILLIAM A. GILBERT

First Sergeant

JOHN W. PERRY

Mess Sergeant

FRANKLYN RANDALL

GEORGE W. YOUNG

Sergeants

ABBOTT C. MEAD

GEORGE F. WALES*

CHESTER A. ADAMS

WILLIAM B. DURKEE

Corporals

HERBERT E. DAME

JAMES A. O'DONNELL

WILLIAM A. DELL

ROBERT W. McCABE

HERBERT H. PALMER

WINTHROP B. SARGENT

DEAN J. ALMY†

Musicians

RICHARD T. LORING, Jr.

Artificer

CHARLES A. POTTER

WALTER I. KNUDSEN**

JOHN J. CRONIN

Cooks

ERNEST W. ASHWORTH

Privates

Adams, William H.

English, Everett W.*

Loring, Richard T. ‡

Proctor, Robert **

Ball, William S.

Evans, Robert

Malaney, James H.

Proctor, Thomas W. **

Barrett, William

Fernald, George H., Jr. *

McAuslan, Albert H. *

Pullen, William L.

Benninghove, Samuel **

Gleason, Theron

McGregor, Walter L.

Purington, Ralph W. **

Blakemore, Arthur W. *

Guiffer, John **

McHugh, Michael F.

Reed, Chester N.

Blanchard, Arthur A. *

Hapgood, Ernest G. *

McHugh, Patrick J.

Reinstein, Frederick H. **

Brackett, John W. **

Haskell, Clarence G. *

McKey, John *

Rowley, Henry E. *

Brackett, Richard B. **

Hodgdon, Robert T.

Millard, Henry S.

Silveira, John J.

Burr, Harold L.* ¶

Hutchinson, A. S.

Miller, C. Ray *

Slocum, Charles P.

Chapman, Robert, Jr. *

Jack, John H.

Miner, Alfred N., Jr. *

Smith, E. Ernest

Church, Elliott B.

Jellison, John A. *

Morton, Chester A.

Smith, Edward L.

Crosby, William §

Jones, Frederick W.

Muldoon, Walter I.

Steinsieck, William J.* ††

Dow, Ernest F.

Knudsen, John M.

Newman, Andrew P.

West, John G. **

Dunham, Ellery A.

LeClear, Gifford

Owen, Henry S. ‡

Weston, Thomas, Jr. ‡

Dutch, Dana M.

Leonard, Don M.

Powers, Charles P.*

Whitten, Edmund S. ¶

Edwards, Charles L. *

Men, formerly of A Company, who were on duty during the Boston police strike in organizations other than A Company.

MAJOR JOHN C. DE MILLE, 1st Battalion, 11th Regiment; MAJOR WALDRON H. RAND, Jr., 3d Battalion, 11th Regiment; CAPTAIN GEORGE WALKER, Reg. Adjt., 11th Regiment; CAPTAIN ALBERT H. SILBER, Supply Company, 11th Regiment; SERGT. MAJOR WILLIAM CROSBY, General Headquarters; SERGT. MAJOR DUFFIELD, Headquarters Company, 11th Regiment; REG. MESS SERGEANT GEORGE M. MCCOY, Supply Company, 11th Regiment; SERGEANT L. G. PALMER, Supply Company, 11th Regiment; CORPORAL ROBERT E. PERRY, 1st Motor Corps.

* Eighteen Old A Company men re-enlisted for emergency.

† Transferred to Machine Gun Company with rank of 2d Lieutenant.

** Ten new men enlisted for emergency.

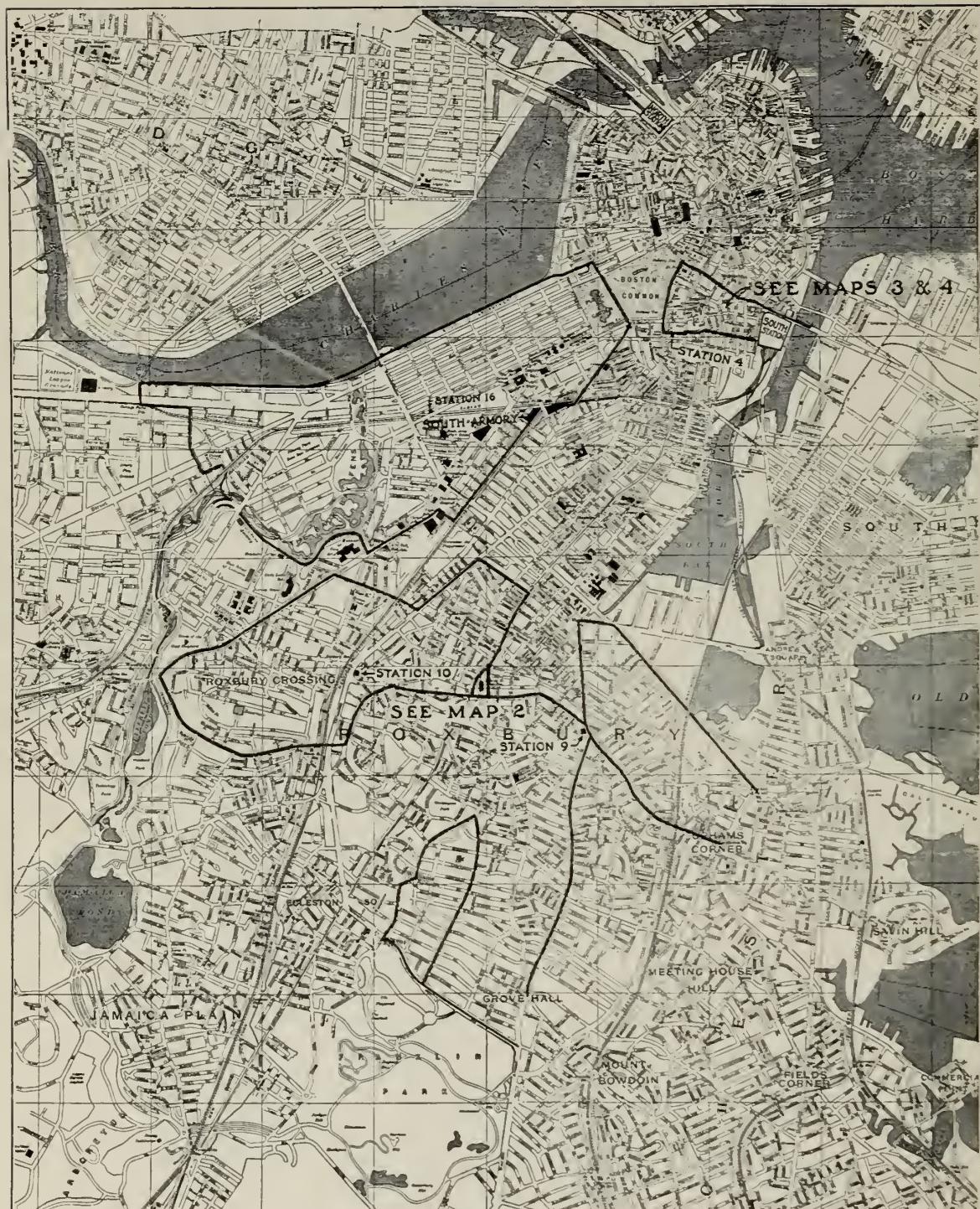
‡ Three A men re-enlisted while doing duty.

§ Transferred to General Headquarters with rank of Sergeant Major.

¶ Transferred to General Headquarters Morale Corps.

|| Detailed to General Headquarters.

†† Detailed as Orderly to Major de Mille.



MAP 1
~ INDEX MAP OF DISTRICTS COVERED ~

0 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ MILE

CHRONOLOGY

WEDNESDAY, September 10, 1919:

- 2.15 p. m. Captain Crowell notified First Sergeant Perry to put the alarm list in operation.
3.30 p. m. Coffee and sandwiches served in the West Newton Armory.
4.10 p. m. Company on the floor in the West Newton Armory, armed and equipped.
5.50 p. m. **A** Company, 3 officers and 48 enlisted men, including machine-gun unit, entrained at West Newton station for Huntington Avenue.
6.15 p. m. Reported at South Armory.
6.22 p. m. Twenty men, under command of Lieutenant Spear, left in truck for Station 10, Roxbury Crossing.
6.25 p. m. The Company left in truck for Station 9, Dudley Street.
6.34 p. m. Arrival of "The Flying Twenty" at Station 10.
6.42 p. m. Arrival of the Company at Station 9.
7.30 p. m. First Relief posted from Stations 9 and 10.

THURSDAY, September 11, 1919:

Two details of **A** Company, combined with parts of other companies, on patrol duty from Stations 9 and 10. (For districts covered, see Maps 1 and 2.)

FRIDAY, September 12, 1919:

- Patrols from Stations 9 and 10 continued.
11.00 a. m. Reunion of "The Flying Twenty" with the Company at Station 9.
4.45 p. m. L Company, under command of Captain Choate, with two officers and 43 enlisted men joined **A** Company at Station 9.
6.00 p. m. Relief posted.
7.00 p. m. "Permanent" theater guard established to serve at theater box offices thereafter for both afternoon and evening performances.

SATURDAY, September 13, 1919:

- 1.00 a. m. Relief posted.
6.00 a. m. Relief posted, including "permanent" theater guard, which was transferred to street duty.
6.00 p. m. Relief posted.
7.00 p. m. Guard details for bank and factory pay-rolls.
9.15 p. m. Men on day relief asked to volunteer for extra night duty.
12 MIDNIGHT. Relief posted.

SUNDAY, September 14, 1919:

- 2.30 a. m. **A** Company ordered from street duty at Station 9, to South Armory.
6.30 a. m. Breakfast of doughnuts and coffee at Waldorf Lunch, Dudley Street.
7.00 a. m. **A** Company reported at South Armory.
7.30 a. m. **A** Company ordered to street duty in retail district.
8.00 a. m. Patrols posted. (For district covered, see Map 2.)
1.00 p. m. Lieutenant Spear had in use at **A** Company Headquarters special photostatic maps of territory covered.
3.00 p. m. Second meal of the day consisting of sandwich and coffee supplied to each man on street duty.
5.00 p. m. **A** Company relieved; one hour late.
6.00 p. m. Twelve-hour passes issued.

MONDAY, September 15, 1919:

- 8.00 a. m. Street duty from 8 a. m. to 1 p. m. Traffic squad selected; men from **A** Company thus being the first to handle traffic in Boston since the beginning of the police strike. System of whistle signals for traffic use inaugurated; also system of emergency signals by whistles for men on patrol.

TUESDAY, September 16, to FRIDAY, September 19, 1919, inclusive:

Street duty from 8 a. m. to 1 p. m.

SATURDAY, September 20, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.; but in the Syrian District from the so-called South Station Center for this day only.

Lieutenant Spear detailed as Acting Adjutant, 3d Battalion, Major Rand commanding.

SUNDAY, September 21, to WEDNESDAY, September 24, 1919, inclusive:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

THURSDAY, September 25, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. District extended. (See Map 3.)

FRIDAY, September 26, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Traffic duty turned over to First Motor Corps.

SATURDAY, September 27, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Two-thirds of the Company passed out until 3 P. M., Sunday, September 28th.

SUNDAY, September 28, to SATURDAY, October 4, 1919, inclusive:

Street duty from 4 P. M. to 12 midnight.

SUNDAY, October 5, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

MONDAY, October 6, 1919:

* Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. District extended. (See Map 3.)

TUESDAY, October 7, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Returned to original district.

WEDNESDAY, October 8, to FRIDAY, October 10, 1919, inclusive:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

SATURDAY, October 11, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Cots issued.

SUNDAY, October 12, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

MONDAY, October 13, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. District extended to water-front. (See Map 4.)

TUESDAY, October 14, to SATURDAY, October 18, 1919, inclusive:

Street duty from 4 P. M. to 12 midnight. Lieutenant Spear returned to Company.

SUNDAY, October 19, to TUESDAY, October 21, 1919, inclusive:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

WEDNESDAY, October 22, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. A Company headquarters changed from portable house on Common to room in basement of South Station.

THURSDAY, October 23, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

FRIDAY, October 24, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

5.00 P. M. On order for reduction in quota 38 men were selected by lot to remain on duty under command of Lieutenant MacClellan, thus forming the first "Army of Occupation." (See page 36.)

Watch presented to Captain Crowell in behalf of the Company by Private Miner. Refreshments served.

SATURDAY, October 25, 1919:

- 7.30 A. M. Photographs of Company taken.
Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.
5.00 P. M. The "Army of Evacuation" ordered to home station and placed on reserve.

SUNDAY, October 26, to SATURDAY, November 1, 1919, inclusive:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. from Tremont Street to water-front, covering same territory as previously, but with fewer men and less relief. Corporals instead of Sergeants in charge of blocks.

SUNDAY, November 2, to SATURDAY, November 8, 1919, inclusive:

Street duty from 4 P. M. to 12 P. M. Territory changed to Station 16, Back Bay district. (See Map 1.) Part of **A** Company at Park Square, Station 4.

SUNDAY, November 9, to WEDNESDAY, November 12, 1919, inclusive:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. from Tremont Street to the water-front.

THURSDAY, November 13, 1919:

On order for second reduction in quota to take effect November 16. Eleven men were selected by lot to remain on duty under command of Lieutenant MacClellan.

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. from Tremont Street to the water-front.

FRIDAY, November 14, to SATURDAY, November 15, 1919, inclusive:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. from Tremont Street to the water-front.

SUNDAY, November 16, 1919:

Second ent in quota, 8.30 A. M., 22 men being ordered to home station and placed on reserve and 11 men forming the "Second Army of Occupation," see page 36.

6.15 P. M. **A** Company men detailed to Beacon Building.

MONDAY, November 17, to THURSDAY, November 20, 1919, inclusive:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. from the Beacon Building.

FRIDAY, November 21, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

5.00 P. M. **A** Company men detailed back to South Armory.

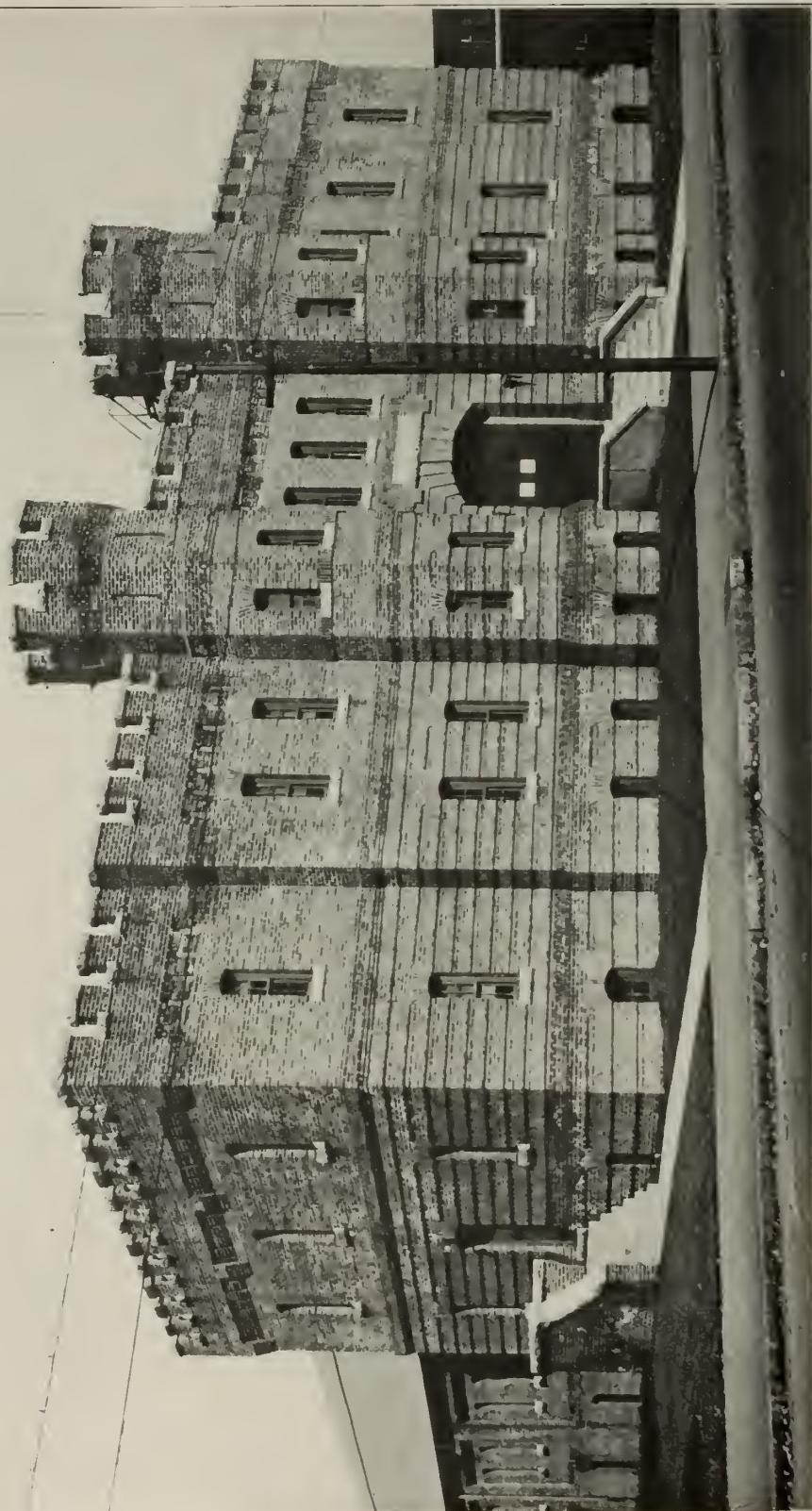
SATURDAY, November 22, 1919:

Street duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. from Station 16.

SUNDAY, November 23, 1919:

10.45 A. M. Remainder of Company ordered to home station and placed on reserve.

STATE ARMORY - WEST NEWTON
Here Old A Company was recruited, mustered in, and drilled for the two and a half years prior to its call to Riot Duty on the streets of Boston



Narrative

IN September, 1919, after two years and a half of hard work and continued discouragement and disappointment, **A** Company, of Newton, 11th Infantry, Massachusetts State Guard, settled down to a general conviction that what our friends had been telling us for many months was true — and then some. We were a poor deluded set of enthusiasts. Drill — drill — drill — month after month — Sudbury, Framingham, and Boxford — when we might have been off having a good time somewhere else.

Original two-year enlistments were continuously running out. The ranks thinned, but we were asked to recruit and carry on in spite of the fact that there seemed to be no place to carry to and no honor in carrying anywhere.

Business pressure bore down heavily on all, but still the delusion so prevailed that, except in rare instances of imperative business necessity, the "faithful" continued blindly to re-enlist upon the expiration of original terms.

The subject was getting to be a delicate one. Repeated promises of being mustered out failed and failed again. Confidential "dope" disappointed. The Company clung to its ambition to go out as a unit and turn over the work and responsibility to younger men.

On Tuesday, September 9, we held our first regular drill since our tour of camp duty at Boxford. The Company stretched itself after its brief respite from camp, picked up its rifles and shook itself down for the weekly routine and monotony of Armory Drill. There were rumors and a little gossip, but not enough to arouse more than casual interest. After a workout on the floor we indulged in a little surprise of frankforts and coffee. In spite of the fact that we had with us, as apparently casual visitors, two Majors and a Regimental Adjutant, we did not gather anything except a general warning that anything might be about to happen. Many times before something had been going to happen, but it never had.

September 10 saw the members of the Company going to work as usual, for the most part absorbed in business detail. A few, on whom responsibility rested, kept somewhat nearer the telephone than usual.

2 p. m. Burr-r-r — the Captain calls the "Top"; the alarm list is put in operation; "specials" are on the switchboard at West Newton according to previous arrangement, and the wires are busy. The Armory doors are open and men in khaki with their little bundles are drifting in. Coffee and sandwiches stand ready in the hallway, and all are urged to "snack up," as no one knows what is coming.

At four o'clock the bugles blow "Assembly." The Company falls in on the floor. It is inspected. The Skipper is talking — a plain short talk straight from the shoulder. It seems that things are a bit "nawsty" in town and apparently worse to come. No time for instruction now. We are supposed to know our job! Two years and a half of drill, bayonet exercise and discipline and thorough acquaintance throughout the Company and confidence in each other. It is well.

We march to the West Newton Station, route step, with our bundles, spare pieces for those who are constantly joining us and our old trusty machine gun with its well-filled belts. Detrained at Huntington Avenue, we form in front of the South Armory. We enter and are swallowed up by its walls. Inside is bustle

and confusion. Companies are arriving. We park our baggage. We pick it up again. We shift our position. We park our baggage. We are ordered to get ready to move.

Twenty men and a lieutenant are ordered to the street to mount trucks already filled with detachments from other companies. The motors are roaring and we are off with a jolt and a rush. Fortunately, we are able to gather in one more sandwich as we file out.

Hardly has the first detachment cleared the doors when the remainder of the Company is ordered to other trucks. Neither detachment knows where it is going, but we are on our way. As events proved, the "Flying Twenty" were on their way to Roxbury Crossing and the balance of the Company to Dudley Street.



At Station 9, Captain Skillings looked over his desk and saw the "Skipper." Captain Skillings is a veteran to whom the scent of trouble is as incense to the nostrils. He had been scenting trouble for some time and something about the Skipper looked good to him.

"Fudge," said the Captain (only this wasn't the word he used), tipping back in his chair, "I didn't expect to see any of you fellows before midnight."

Captain Crowell looked over his outfit: Portions of seven companies—Taunton, Fall River, Concord, Clinton, Lowell, Newton. He hastily instructed his assortment of lieutenants, assigned quarters as best he could in the crowded station-house and made a rapid survey of his district.

Meanwhile the "Flying Twenty," so-called from their abrupt and precipitous departure from the Company, had arrived at Station 10. Here they were consolidated with units of two companies from Lowell. The captains of these two companies took over the Roxbury Crossing section and prepared to carry on.

Map 1 shows the relation of these districts to Greater Boston, and Map 2 the relation of these districts to each other on larger scale. These two districts are typified by their best-known centers, Dudley Street and Roxbury Crossing. Each has a little reputation of its own, and has figured repeatedly in police annals as a center well calculated to breed unpleasantness at the proper time and under the proper conditions. The conditions were fine and the time was fully ripe. Nobody was disappointed.

There was a good deal of local geography studied in a very short time throughout this territory. Captain Crowell took a brief joy ride with Captain Skillings, and was introduced to a variety of scenery in a circuit extending from Washington Street to Franklin Park, Egleston Square, Dudley Terminal and way stations and intermediate lines, and an assortment of areas of high and low pressures.

The route over which the "Flying Twenty" was to plod wearily extended out the Jamaicaway, South Huntington Avenue, and in as far as the Harvard Medical School and across to Washington Street. It was bounded by a black belt on the north and had everything, from Highbrows to Hindus, in other parts of its landscape.

After some preliminary instruction in regard to police-boxes, fire-boxes, and hastily sketched beats, a considerable portion of A Company was thrown on the streets as patrols over this territory. Trucks and automobiles loaded with men made long circuits, dropping patrols in different sections.



STATION 10

Police Station 10 covers an important area about Roxbury Crossing and adjoining that of Station 9. (See Map 2.) It is a prominent center both geographically and socially.

Here Police Capt. Gallivan was in charge and here the "Flying Twenty" were stationed for the first thirty-six hours of duty.

STATION 9

Police Station 9 covers the large area (see Map 2) around and beyond the Dudley Street Terminal. In itself this terminal is one of the centers of Greater Boston.

This was the Headquarters of Police Capt. Skillings and here Captain Crowell assumed charge of the State Guard unit assigned and carried on.



WALDORF LUNCH

Part of a great system which responded to the CALL. Captain Crowell commandeered this Lunch Room on Dudley Street, but, most important of all, he persuaded the System, and thereafter the whole Guard lunched, breakfasted or dined at half price at the good sign of the Waldorf wherever they happened to be in uniform in Greater Boston.

The precincts included in Station 9 are extensive and include many areas of heavy investment. Within its confines are a large electric-light plant, an extensive elevated and electric railroad junction, a number of banks and trust companies, a considerable railroad yard and trackage, and a large acreage of park and reservation.

The total damage over this extensive district during this emergency amounted to only about \$2500.

Here we were asked to detail special guards for bank duty and guards for factory pay-rolls. We detailed a State senator, an alderman, a cashier, with two lawyers and a minister to watch them.

There is nothing like having personnel to pick from. It may be said that we had a varied assortment of talent. The repertoire runs something like this: Architect, accounting, advertising, automobile (dealers, garage men, mechanics, and drivers), banking, brokerage, building, carpenters, contractors, cigars, draughting, electricians, engineering, farming, furniture, fire-alarms, gardening, lawyers (in assorted specialties), leather, milling, insurance, office equipment, printing, physical instruction, painting, post-office, plumbing, railroading, real estate, salesmen, steamfitting, secretary, soap, steel, telephone, teaching, including professors and principals. If anything special was needed we came pretty near having a specialist to put on the job.

We were compelled for lack of numbers to use every man in the Company for street duty. We had no time and no spare man for recruiting duty, although many of our ex-members re-enlisted at the first call, but we lived in the hope that just a few more men would join us so that we could relieve our exhausted men.

Of course, there had been no time and no opportunity for any one to get anything to eat. It may seem strange to some who read these pages that so frequently men went faint with hunger when there was a perfectly good lunch-room fragrant with the aroma of hot coffee, and a civilian public plainly visible through the plate-glass devouring hot beans and frankforters, beef stews, and great hunks of bread and butter. Bear in mind, however, that the men of A Company were no longer private citizens and free to please any whim or fancy, or even to satisfy a pressing need. That was just where discipline counted. The newest comer in the ranks of the Company knew that he was a soldier acting on orders and acting only on orders. He knew that he must not quit his post unless properly relieved and all the rest of his twelve commandments. He had learned them, not only to recite at inspection and enforce at camp, but had learned them in the firm belief that some day they were to be his simple creed and guide in doing his duty in emergency.

And so through Roxbury, Dorchester, and Jamaica Plain, Newton men were patrolling the streets, alert and anxious. It was all new. They were observing everything "within sight and hearing," and had begun to assimilate the lessons of the street. Things were scheduled to happen. They were to anticipate them if possible, to stop them if they began, and to see them through while they lasted.

The city lights were reflected on wet pavements, but we were glad there were lights, and that the electric-light centers had not been dynamited.

Wet and tired the Company got its first relief a little after midnight. They were hungry; plain common hungry. Some had had a lunch at noon, some only a sandwich at the Armory and a second sandwich in the pocket. When you have wet feet on one end of your legs and an empty stomach resting on the other end, you are sometimes unable to distinguish clearly the exact locus of the sensations which seem to be traveling through your entire anatomy.

The Skipper had not stopped for food or rest, but he knew very well what was going on, even if he did not hear any complaints. To those unacquainted with the cast of characters it may be said that the Skipper of A Company is a man of resource and energy. His strategy is of that direct type which travels the shortest distance between two points. With directness of purpose and clearness of vision, he set out to hustle up a chuck outfit, and at 2 A.M. had commandeered the Waldorf lunch system, and had appropriated a large fully equipped establishment on Dudley Street. After this all the men of his immediate command had food; not always too regularly, never too frequently, but always gratefully in the realization that they were getting all that could be possibly provided for them under the circumstances. "Give him credit for that."

The "Flying Twenty" did not fare so well. At Station 10 the commandants decided to conduct a common mess for all detachments. The decision was theoretically correct, but physically impossible.

In the basement of Station 10 was an assemblage of junk which was still connected with the gas supply, but apparently had not been used for a considerable period of time. A Mess Sergeant, by dint of patience and profanity, succeeded in coaxing a small blue-flame over a portion of one of the pieces of hardware which had originally been a burner. On this he succeeded in heating up what was intended to be coffee and which, when hot, was most acceptable.

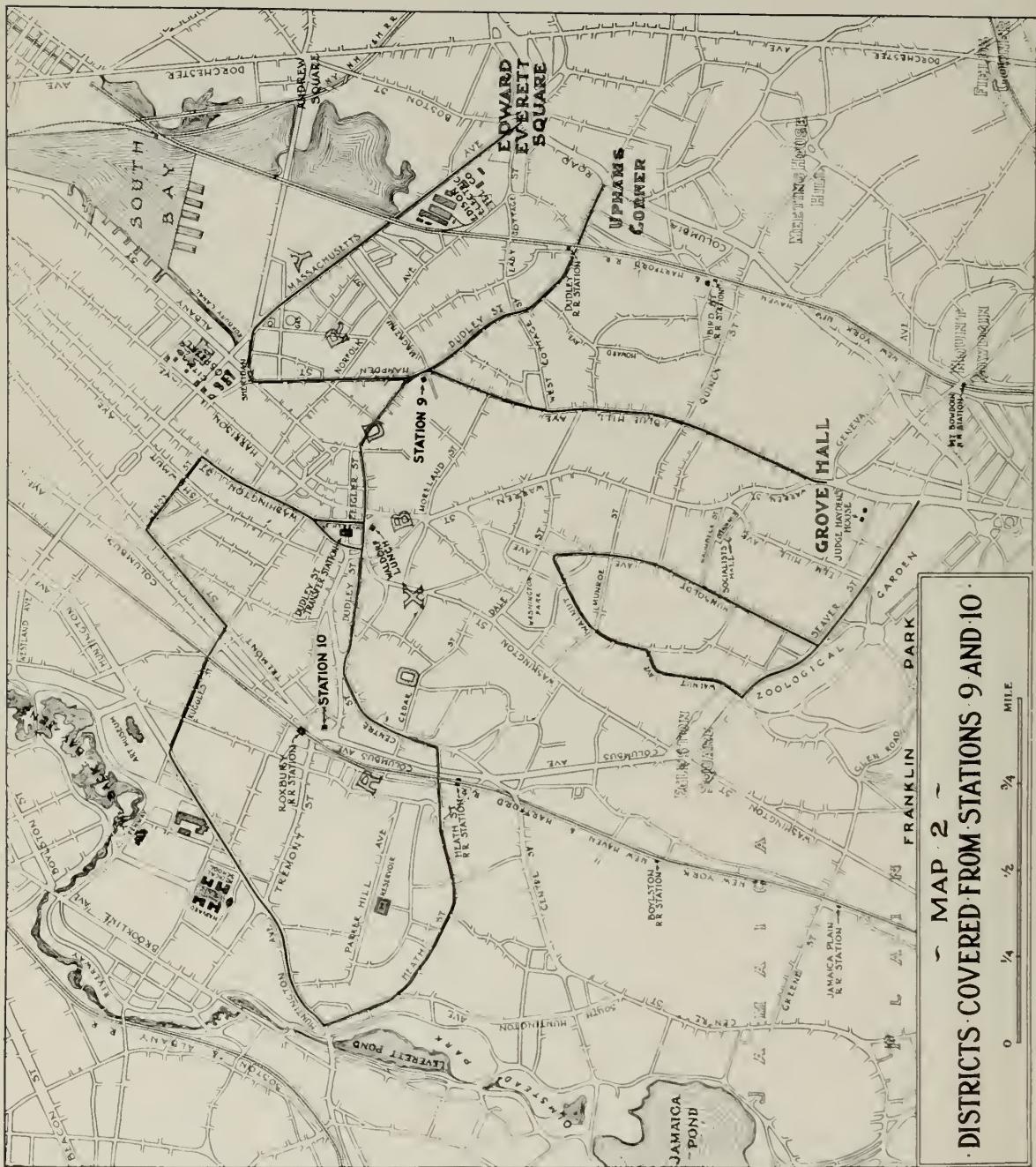
In the absence of other means of cooking, sandwiches were prepared, and the men coming in at midnight readily devoured these hunks of bread enclosing somewhat paper-like slices of ham. This ration proved so convenient that it became a habit.

At each meal it was expected that we would do better, but when Thursday afternoon came and the "Flying Twenty" was preparing again for street duty, it became evident that the "Twenty" would not be able to fly long unless it was supplied with something different for internal combustion. A canvass of the financial resources of the detachment finally showed that by patronizing an all-night lunch-room, it would be possible for each man to have a hot and juicy steak (which was all it was cracked up to be on the menu and then some), fried potatoes, coffee, bread, and a piece of pie. This detachment went on the street that night fortified for whatever might come.

But the old gas stove had started something. It was 8 p.m. Thursday night. Stores were closed. The men had made five successive meals on sandwiches. The C. O. at Station 10 decided that a hot meal was necessary. Everybody else had reached this conclusion four meals previously. Things were getting hot for the Mess Sergeant. A lieutenant was instructed to get a gas stove. There was no place to get a gas stove and no money with which to buy one, but orders are orders.

The "Loot" takes a hike covering most of the precincts connected with this station, and investigates everything from the Gas Company down to the junk piles. About nine o'clock discovers dim light in second-hand store. Gains admission and finds owner of a real three-barrel-anti-clinker-base-burning gas stove, guaranteed to serve hot meals for ninety-six men, three policemen, and the station cat. Immediately reports to C. O. and seeks to requisition one truck, one truck driver, and detail of four men to move the stove.

Finally secures one patrol wagon, one retired driver, dashes up to second-hand store, and boldly enters. One minute later looks out of window and views seething mob surrounding store as far as Dudley Square. Goes out and explains



MAP 2
DISTRICTS COVERED FROM STATIONS 9 AND 10.

peaceful intentions of purchasing one gas stove. Crowd passes immediate rumors, gas stove stolen, second-hand man and family arrested, probably shot at sunrise.

Great interest. Lieutenant becomes exasperated and changes tactics. Further addresses crowd, advising door by which he will make exit and importance of keeping close watch for matters of great interest. Stove finally brought out and placed in patrol wagon. Lieutenant then mounts wagon and addresses crowd in language not fit to be printed, but generally indicating that in his opinion the multitude is largely composed of idle and curious fatheads whose one idea seems to be to get all tangled up with one another with probable result that they will lose pocketbooks, and that if they only stay long enough somebody will start something, immediately after which he will have the pleasure of returning with the detachment and sticking a few bayonets into somebody's pants.

The crowd looks foolish, but does not disperse. Lieutenant ends speech with statement that having furnished entertainment for crowd he will now pass hat. Crowd immediately disperses.

Various forms of excitement. Street gangs form from time to time and have to be broken up and kept scattered. Some of these affairs offered variety. A crap game on Lenox Street; call for flying squad; wagon and detail sent in hurry; return with delegation from west coast of Africa, ladies and gentlemen, assorted shades; hasty conference as to possible disposition; decision to parole all except hostages selected for personal cleanliness rather than degree of suspicion.

Second day out. Continued rain. Citizen soldiers on short rations, really hungry most of time for last forty-eight hours. One man happens to unroll towel placed by wife in kit. Discovers nice luncheon forty-eight hours overdue. *Moral:* Don't wait two days to use your towel.

Early one morning, Privates Ball and Almy were on patrol in a none too savory section. About 2 A. M. a woman screamed for help. At first they were unable to locate the trouble, but Almy went down a little alley near by to see if the row was there. The next thing Ball heard was the butt of Almy's gun smashing against a door. He jumped to the scene and arrived just as Almy burst in the door, allowing the screaming woman to precipitate herself into the street, where she promptly attached herself to Ball's neck, much, so Ball says, to his embarrassment.

She yelled, confidentially, into Ball's ear that a man had been trying to throttle her. Almy pushed the man, who was just inside the door, up-stairs so as to hold him and catch the other disturbers of the peace who could be heard arguing in loud tones above. All this in the pitch dark.

Finally, all lights in the house were lighted by order of our two friends, and Almy, who had the box key, started for the nearest box to call the "wagon." On his way out the woman further confided to Almy that the man had a knife and would not hesitate to use it. Back went Almy to urge caution on Ball, who was holding the fort.

Evidently, knives did not worry Ball, for he told Almy he could keep things on an even keel, even though two more men had been found up-stairs and a second woman had draped herself on his neck, seeking protection. The wagon came and the prisoners were taken to the station, while the two guardsmen continued their lonely beat.

Patrols from the "Flying Twenty" were assigned for the most part on posts along Tremont, Lenox, and Washington streets, from Lenox to Dudley Street

on the west side. Fortunately, we found patrols from our own Company on the opposite side of the street, so we at once established communication between the two parts of the Company. We were in luck, as telephone connection had been about as prompt as an answer to prayer and as intelligible as communication with the Spirit World.

We gave up the telephone, especially as we expected a strike of the young ladies on the switchboards anyway, and we "relayed" our messages from station to station until we had made all arrangements to get the Old Company together.

On Friday, September 12, the "Twenty" shifted to Station 10 and fell on the necks of their long-lost companions.

About this time there was a general shifting of units in the Guard, and we found, to our delight, that Captain Choate and his splendid company from Southboro were due in shortly. We elected them to share the big dormitory with us, and started a general housecleaning to surprise them. They duly arrived, but no one had much chance to enjoy the fruits of our labors, as we were for the most part kept on the streets.

There were seemingly insurmountable obstacles to sleep. A man used to regular hours went to bed at 7 A. M. only to have some sleepy companion called out at 9 A. M. for special duty, step in the middle of his stomach or kick him in the ear. Men ordinarily trustful and confiding by nature slept under settees or retired with their heads in a corner. It was discovered that it was better to sleep with shoes on, as it protected the toes and saved time in answering hurry calls.

The officers fared better. They had nice "semi-private" rooms. A "semi-private" room is half as private as a dormitory and has this drawback: if you are entitled to it you haven't time to use it. If the Skipper slept at all during this period, it must have been the time the "Loot" fell asleep in the telephone booth.

How many of those of our friends who read these notes have ever tarried on Washington Street between Dudley and Lenox streets, for example, between the hours of 12 and 3 A. M.? How many have seen the Coke-Burners roaming the streets? How many have seen the flotsam and jetsam of the underworld drift back into half-deserted streets as the tide of gay life ebbs toward its lodgings as day approaches?

The patrols were long and off the main thoroughfares, the men worked along dark and narrow streets in pairs, keeping within call of each other.

On crowded streets there was demand for tact: **A** Company had a monopoly of many things, of course, but we did not have all the tact. In fact, our "working motto" came from the shrewd observation by one of our privates of the tactful handling of the crowd by a private from another company. The other fellow was a teamster from a near-by city, and could move a crowd promptly but in perfect good humor. Our observer's report to the Captain automatically formulated itself into this motto:

"A smile and a nod ere the butt or a prod."

It worked ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

Friday and Friday night, Saturday and Saturday night! Was it possible that these were *days* on the calendar? They were weeks in experience.

On Friday, Major Rand, with his Adjutant, Lieutenant Grew, arrived in command of the battalion at Stations 9 and 10. Again **A** Company was in luck, as the Major was our own former Captain "Wallie."

On Saturday night most of the Company came off duty at 6 p. m., had supper and a smoke and rolled in about 9 o'clock, dead to the world after a hard day on the cobblestones.

At 9.15 p. m. a call came for men for extra duty. The Skipper reluctantly went to the dormitory and waked up the men and called for twenty volunteers. The Company to a man jumped to their feet. Twenty were chosen, took arms and fell in. Then it was discovered that the other company included in the detail could not produce its quota. Back went the Skipper and the rest of the Company off duty piled down the stairs and fell in.

At 1.30 a. m. most of our men were relieved and fell on their cots to sleep.

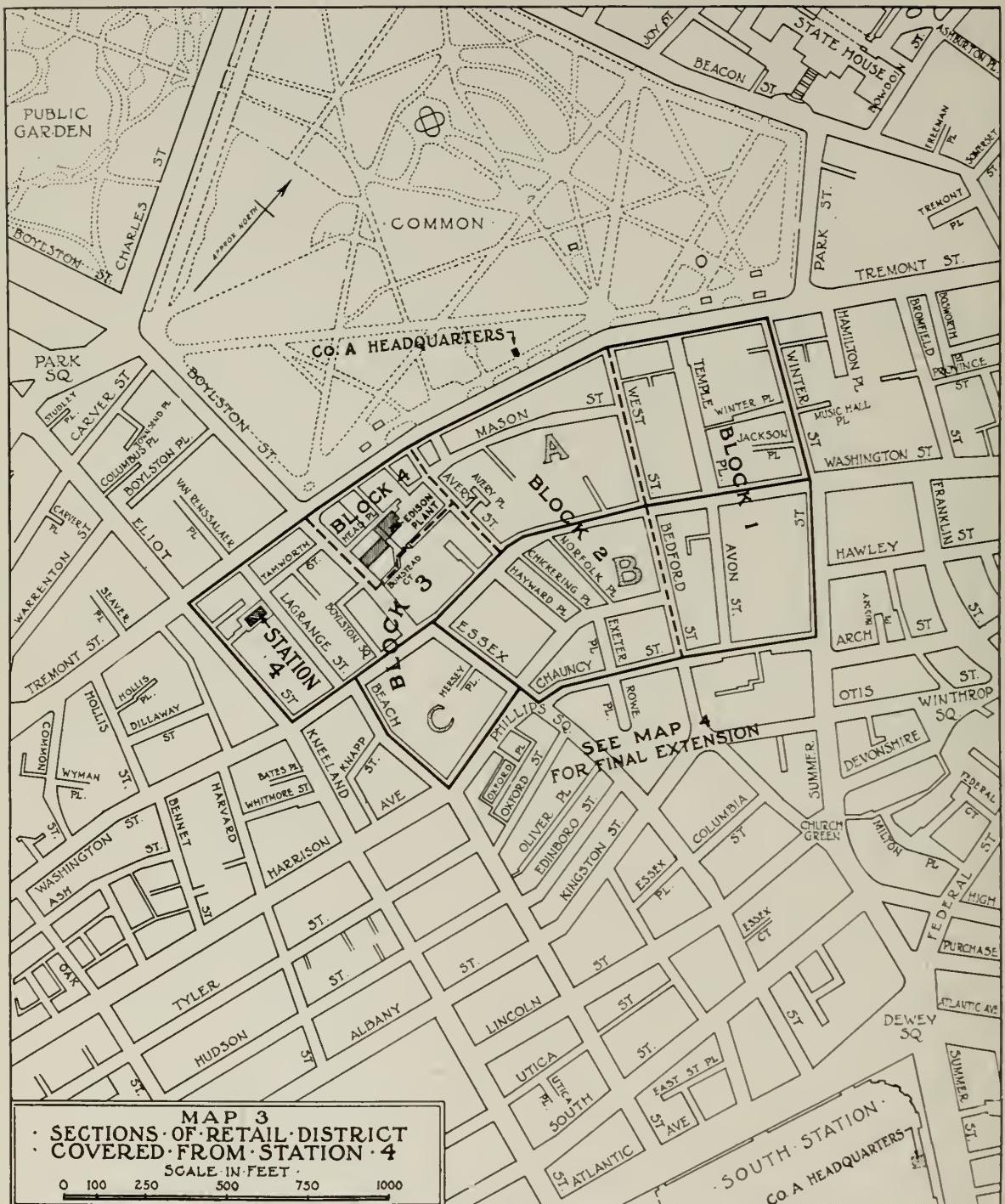
At 2.15 a. m. a motor-cycle with side car and hooded passenger shot up in front of the station. Special orders from G. Hq. In accordance therewith, at 2.30 a. m., arrangements were made to move the Company at daybreak. This necessitated the gathering in of outlying patrols and the instruction of "non-coms" as to details. There were hurried preparations and the reversal of carefully planned routine. Those who could slept until 5 a. m.

Some of the men could not be relieved in this large area in the emergency, and had to "carry on" as best they could well into Sunday morning.

Sergeant Young and Corporal McCabe were on a special beat for which they had volunteered, instead of getting their much-needed sleep, after a full day's service on Saturday. They came on about 10 p. m., and were promised relief at 4 a. m. Sunday. Four o'clock came, but no relief; 4.30, and still no relief. At 5 o'clock, having had nothing to eat and no opportunity to sleep, they began to have fears that they had been forgotten and would be left at their post indefinitely. McCabe suggested that they find a telephone and call up headquarters, when the happy thought occurred to Young that he had a box key. McCabe took the key and undertook to open the box with it, but it would not work, it being a "citizen's key." Thereupon he inserted it in the lower keyhole, hoping to open the box that way. He turned it and only then realized that he was sending for the wagon — the only use to which a "citizen's key" can be put. Horrified he tried to withdraw the key, but it appeared that the key once inserted could not be removed until the wagon came and the officer opened the door to the box. So, there they were!

In a few minutes the official flivver, crowded with officers and guardsmen, went by like a flash of greased lightning. It turned out afterwards that they were answering the call, but did not know where the box was. McCabe and Young made no attempt to stop them, but a little while afterwards along came the wagon in answer to a telephone call from the officers in the flivver that they could not find the box. The wagon was full of guardsmen, extra police, etc. The minute they arrived, evidently according to a preconceived scheme, they surrounded a building under construction adjacent to the box. Just why they did this is not known, but seemingly they assumed that at this building was the seat of the trouble. McCabe, on the alert, and in accordance with full military procedure, dropped out of sight and passed the buck to Young, who had to do the official explaining. Nobody knows but Young and the officer just what was said and they won't tell. McCabe was too far away to hear any of the conversation, and it is doubtful if he was even within sight. Did they get relief? They did not. But they reached headquarters on the common in time to do duty all day Sunday.

Sunday at 6 a. m. the trucks were loaded with men and duffle. Patrols still on the street were sent for and we started from Station 9 for the South Armory.



MAP 3
SECTIONS OF RETAIL DISTRICT
COVERED FROM STATION 4

SCALE IN FEET

0 100 250 500 750 1000

Area A is first territory covered.

Area B is first extension.

Area C is second extension.

Blocks 1, 2, 3, and 4 were at first part of area A; thus, when area B was added, Block 1 and Block 2 were extended to correspond; when "C" was added it was taken on by Block 3. Block 4 was the same all the time.

Blocks indicate territory covered by "details," under command of "non-coms."

Then one of our trucks caught fire. *Mirabile dictu!* and Oh, Boy! we were right in front of the Waldorf lunch-room. It took the Skipper about as long to get the Company into that lunch-room for coffee and doughnuts as it does for a movie heroine to fall on the neck of the hero in the last act. If we had only known that this doughnut would have to last until 3 p. m., somebody would have lifted the pie counter, but we were "sure" of a good breakfast at the South Armory. (We were still young(?) and trusting.)

At the South Armory once more! Same old place. Same old game. Breakfast? No; not on your life! Park your baggage! Pick up your baggage! Prepare to move at 7.30.

The corner of Tremont and Boylston streets at 8 A. M. on a Sunday morning is not exciting, but it had a strange metropolitan look. We had not seen anything like it for — well, how long had it been anyway?

We were now no longer quartered at a police station, but our battalion headquarters was at Station 4, LaGrange Street, where our officers found a staunch friend and experienced adviser in Captain Canney, one of the ablest and best of Boston's Police Heads.

The Headquarters of A Company was duly established on a bench under a tree opposite the Herald Building on Boston Common. Shades of General Gage!

The shopping district of Boston (see Map 3) may not be very large, but for that very reason it is a bad place for a mob. When we moved in on that Sabbath morning (September 14), window displays were conspicuous by their absence. The plate-glass windows were there (in some cases), but the show part was in a safer place.

We found many shop windows boarded up. Doorways were even barricaded with barbed wire. The boldest showed only a meager display of merchandise! The general symptoms were "Business suspended during the strike."

Here we took on our first real city job. Here we took charge of traffic. Here we settled down for what proved to be the longest military occupation of Boston since the Hessians walked its streets.

On the streets of Boston we found many groups as well as individuals lingering with no apparent excuse. We developed a practical and persistent curiosity as to all these.

We watched them closely. In fact, we developed a system of "looking them over" that proved to be the most annoying thing that you can pull on a "Tough Guy." He is used to thrusting forth his chin and staring out of countenance any other member of the gang. Imagine his feelings when a patrol calmly stops and looks him over — frankly looks him over, notes his clothing, height, complexion, and personal peculiarities. It was more than human nature could stand.

The Skipper was walking on Avery Street behind a certain well-known citizen who sells checked clothing and passes checks on the side. He was just passing a few multiple "Saw Bucks" to a friend with whom he chanced to be strolling. A swift glance over the shoulder, in which he was wont to indulge at frequent intervals, revealed the Skipper, so he immediately added, in a tone loud enough for the latter to hear. "Well, Bill, that settles our laundry account." "You are 'something' of a dirty pair at that price for laundry," quoth the Skipper.

There was a crowd of gamblers on Avery Street which was very persistent. If moved on they would come right back. The men had automobiles, and among them were some gentlemen pointed out by the police officers as well-known New

York gunmen. Private Owen came on the post, and when his Sergeant made the first round the gamblers and gunmen were gone. To the Sergeant's amazement, on his second round there were still no signs of the gambling fraternity. Asked for an explanation, Private Owen said that it was nothing; he had simply walked up to the gunmen and told them that the orders were that they and their friends should move along and stay moved, and that the best time for moving was right now. Owen said that no credit was due to him; it was simply because the gunmen and gamblers were such obliging fellows.

In handling street traffic our men were as successful as in handling the pedestrians. Although we could not claim to have attained that splendid efficiency developed by our comrades of the Motor Corps who succeeded us in this work, we did start the work on the right lines, and we promptly discovered the potential good-natured cooperation of the drivers; instituted whistle signals, and began the almost impossible task of making pedestrians comply with orders.

A coal truck with a grimy-faced driver failed to obey the starting signal and take the crossing. "Come on, come on, what is the matter with you?" commanded "Mac" from the side lines —

"Thank ye, Sir, I'm all right, but me engine is died —"

So we kept them in line — held down speed, escorted the aged, the halt, and the blind over the crossings, unsnarled traffic tangles, and cranked Fords for fat ladies.

We were in demand — exclusive emporiums sent polite notes asking for special guardsmen in front of their spacious show windows. A timid shopkeeper dashed out of his establishment and hailed the Captain — "I vant a soger — I vant a soger for mine store."

We could have had anything we wanted. They were anxious to pay, and when they found that we would not accept they tried to show appreciation by food, fruit, and delicacies. But this had to be discouraged also; there was a risk of having patrols "killed with kindness." On the first day one guardsman was made seriously ill by a doped sandwich treacherously handed him by some devilish strike sympathizer.

But most of it was footwork — just plain hoofing it. The result was that mileage began to mount. From an idea that we were infantry, we changed to the horse idea until we began to call ourselves, "Foot Cavalry." The *Newton Graphic* published the following sob-stuff, supposedly from the pen of a footsore private.

THE NEWTON FOOT CAVALRY

It's an eight-hour shift from 4 p. m.
Till we get midnight relief,
And it's eight hours more from 8 to 4,
And a fellow's feet are getting sore.
It's long — That's my belief.

Now Beach Street ain't so awfully long,
But its pavement's hard as Hell
And the State don't furnish rubber heels,
And Infantry don't run on wheels,
So your old feet's got to swell.

So I guess you'll think we earn our pay,
When you know we walk our beat,
On an all-night trick or one all day,
(And it counts up miles — yes, miles, I'll say),
With only one pair of feet.

So when we get through and hit the hay,
(And it's real hay in our sacks),
You'll find the end of a perfect day
With not a snore in Company A
And the Boys flat on their backs.



SOUTH ARMORY
Irvington Street
(See Map No. 1)



After One Month on the Floor—Cots!

Life in the Armory was not exactly homelike, although the Armory looked good to us after eight hours on the streets. From the very first, the Company was short-handed. A Company went out with only forty-eight men, and although we finally recruited up to eighty-seven, we never at any time had sufficient men to meet all the demands made upon us. We needed recruits desperately, and, while our former members rallied and re-enlisted, we were in need of immediate reinforcement at the outset to relieve our men who were holding on without proper sleep or rest.

Our old "Top" Sergeant Wales went out to the Armory and did wonderfully well under the circumstances, seeing that other organizations on the spot had finished their enlisting before we could get time to start recruiting.

For the first month when demands were particularly heavy, we had to throw every man on the street regardless of his supposed military duties under ordinary conditions. Buglers, artificer, supply sergeant, mess sergeants, cooks, and company clerk were all armed and put on patrol duty during the first two weeks.

After we were established in the South Armory, we were supposed to maintain a non-commissioned officer and a reserve in quarters. It was at times impossible to do so. It was impossible even to relieve men who ought to have been furloughed on account of sickness. Sergeant Gilbert stuck to duty till they dragged him out and barely saved his life by careful nursing. Non-commissioned officers were constantly worked overtime, and were frequently on double duty, and sometimes on continuous duty.

When we found ourselves established at the Armory and had our space marked off with rows of benches and had established a packing case for the Top Sergeant's desk, we found a new recruit. John C. Roach emerged from some unknown corner in the Armory and established himself on the Top Sergeant's desk. He was a vigilant and tireless soldier and soon won the respect and affection of the Top Sergeant, the Company Clerk, and all who made his acquaintance. In fact, we all soon came to know Johnnie Cock Roach, and he would come out underneath the "D & M" cards, morning report, or other papers, stand at attention, salute with his fore legs, about face and go the rounds of the desk, inspecting every ink spot, nail hole and crack. Inasmuch as he was always on duty and the "non-coms" were so overworked, it was decided to make him a Corporal, and whenever no other non-com was available, quarters were understood to be in charge of Corporal Roach. His eulogy, perhaps his epitaph, was written by his greatest admirer as follows:

CORPORAL JOHNNIE COCKROACH

Old Scout, you joined us on the day
We hit the Armory,
And tho' you were not under pay,
You're "on the Rolls" to me.

The Sergeant's desk was all your post.
You guarded faithfully.
Your vigils oft were Smithy's boast;
He'd call us all to see.

Now, left behind in that dark hole,
You're living in some crack—
Unless stowed safe in bedding roll,
You went out home with "Mae."

For the first thirty days during which we occupied the South Armory we slept on the floor. Bed sacks were issued and hay provided with which to fill them. Our bed sacks were about the size of a glorified pillow, and the hay, after use, offered us about as much cushioning effect as a punctured tire on a cobblestone street. The men were, however, always so tired after duty that they slept, and slept well.

Being in closely packed rows had this advantage — the men could not fall out of bed.

There was one factor, however, which could not be regulated. The floor of the South Armory is three hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide, and is on the average about a half mile from the ceiling. Whatever warmth there was, therefore, would rise from this large area of floor, permitting an inrush of air from all directions.

There must have been some heat, although no steam was turned on, because there were more different kinds of drafts blowing across the floor at the level on which the men were sleeping than would have been thought possible if there had been a continuous row of blowers entirely around the building.

We had brought from Roxbury Crossing and Dudley Street an assortment of coughs and colds, sore throats and hoarseness. These we traded from bed sack to bed sack until every one had acquired a more or less extended case of "Armory Bronchitis." Between the varied tones and degrees of coughing, the Armory sounded more like Mechanics Building during the Dog Show than almost anything else, except that a dog will get tired and quit barking after a certain length of time.

As we have noted — for thirty days we slept on the floor and in the draft, although we were most of us not of draft age. After we had demonstrated that Armory "Bronk" couldn't kill us we received cots. We received them as a result of the patient and untiring efforts of our loyal friends, headed by Mayor Childs of Newton.

When we received those cots we came up in the world — we became conscious of our rise in life and very jealous of our newly acquired property. Each man's bed was his castle; in it, and under it, he kept his personal belongings.

About most things temporal, the Rev. Doc. Loring is indifferent. Aside from the white and immaculate surplice which he wears on Sunday, he is indifferent to clothes. Sartor Resartus was nothing in his young khaki life. But that is another story. Private Dow is a printer; among other things he prints Esperanto literature. Private Dow found it convenient to sit on the parson's cot. Private Loring stood in front of Dow a few minutes while he was fastening his leggins. The Doc. wanted to make his bed, but Dow did not hasten. Finally Loring assumed that sweet and guileless smile for which he is justly famous, and addressing Dow in soft and patient tones said: "Dow,— how would you say in Esperanto — get to Hell off my bed?"

Our days and nights during these weeks at the South Armory seemed to be constantly shifted about. We would have day duty from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. on the street for a period of perhaps ten days. Then we would be shifted to the night trick and go on from 4 P. M. to midnight. This might last for a week and then we would be shifted back. It required considerable shifting in a company schedule every time a Company changed from day to night duty or vice versa. These changes going on in the different companies of the regiment made life at the South Armory a decidedly varied affair. A portion of the regiment was always on the 8 to 4 day trick, and another portion on the 4 to midnight shift, and still another portion from midnight until 8 A. M. There was, therefore, among the thousand men in the Armory a



MESS

In the gloomy, dingy and somewhat fragrant basement of the South Armory, was established by our old companion, Captain Silber, of the Supply Company, a regimental mess which supplied to hungry men the reinforcement necessary to that part of the human anatomy on which our esteemed predecessor in business, General Napoleon Bonaparte, said that an Army "crawls."



THEN WE WASHED OUR MESS-KITS

continuous performance through the day and night of gettings up and goings to bed, with corresponding meals, fatigue duties, etc.

On those days when we were on street duty we arose at 5.30, breakfasted at 6, folded blankets and piled bed sacks or pushed back our cots and were ready to start about 7.15 for our territory, there posting patrols and relieving as rapidly as possible. At 8 o'clock we were all posted and officers were making their first tour of inspection so as to be able to report in promptly at Battalion Headquarters at LaGrange Street that we were "set." When on day duty we could turn in as early as we pleased, but there was always a turning on of lights and more or less confusion at midnight when the next relief came in. When we were on the night trick from 4 p. m. to midnight we left the Armory at 3.15 or 3.30, took charge of our district at 4 and turned in about 1 a. m.

On mornings when we had been on night trick and had retired after 1 a. m., breakfast was served at the luxurious hour of 9, after which daily routine was cut and men given as much freedom as possible, although the "possible" was always inadequate for any personal business and insufficient for any social or family needs.

After the first two weeks, passes became more available, and we would slip out home occasionally for a bath or a change. In securing passes the Skipper was a wizard. "Give him credit for that."

For those who were to be on the streets at 4 o'clock p. m., and who had breakfasted at 9 a. m., a hearty meal in the nature of a dinner was served at 2 o'clock. Others lunched at 12 and dined at 6. The 2 o'clock dinner was supplemented for the men on the street by a light lunch about 8 o'clock, and they were fed at midnight when they came off duty.

We were always ready for the next meal whether it was day or night and whatever it might be called.

When chow was ready mess kits were gotten out and the chow line formed. Down went the Company into the Basement with other companies and crowded past the serving stand where cups and mess tins were filled. Thence they were borne to the long wooden tables back in the subterranean caverns under the Armory floor. Here the dining-room was floored by Mother Earth, although there were duck boards which enabled us to reach our tables. All dispensible details were omitted and we fed. After each man finished he washed his mess kit and stowed it away.

On the whole the food was of good quality and Hookie was usually on the job to see that we had plenty of it.

Of course a good soldier always kicks — and we had some awfully good soldiers. One private, however, rather broke the record one Sunday when we were having a particularly elaborate meal, including a slab of ice-cream neatly wrapped in paper. As he left the chow stand, balancing his meat tin in one hand and his soup dish and coffee cup in the other with his ice-cream held between two fingers, he was heard uttering profane and abusive remarks relative to the management of the "hotel." Upon inquiry he explained that it was just his luck, that he had the wrong kind of ice-cream, the kind he hated and despised and just couldn't eat anyway. Somebody asked the Kicker if he did not want to swap with him, as the slabs were of assorted kinds. Still summoning down wrath on the heads of the Supply Outfit he declared he could not make any kind of exchange because he did not know what kind of ice-cream was inside of his paper. All of which goes to prove that he was a very good soldier even if he was a poor witness against the Supply Company.

For a part of the time we had the "truck" habit and were transported in the

"Kelly," "Pierce" or "Quad" twins, to and from our district. When on the day shift, however, we much preferred marching down by ourselves. On such occasions we would get "Route step" and then the Grasshopper Quartet in the First Squad, led by McKey, would break forth into some favorite marching song to indulge the Company's spirit and let the fellows enjoy the feeling that they were together.

The subject most often on our minds was the pay-roll. Now, when you are giving up a perfectly good income of five, ten, fifteen, etc., thousands and are supposed to be paid \$1.55 a day by a grateful State for protecting the lives and property of a perfectly financially responsible city, you get awfully fussy about that \$1.55. You spend it three or four times a day mentally and then decide that if you ever get it you will have it framed and hung in your den.

There is something about a soldier's pay that has peculiarly adhesive qualities before he gets it, and equally slippery qualities by the time it reaches his fingers.

Our pay had a particularly high coefficient of friction. It took our first pay so long to move down Beacon Hill as far as Irvington Street that we had concluded that the State was using a glacier for a mail delivery instead of a pneumatic tube. We were told that we were going to be paid and we believed it cheerfully. We even believed it every time it was told to us. We even told each other that we were going to be paid, and told each other that we believed it. We signed the pay-roll; we signed another pay-roll; in fact, we kept on signing pay-rolls. Most of us had a sneaking suspicion that somebody was going to be up for forgery if the thing did not stop.

This had been going on for a little while when one morning when we got route step, the head of the column broke forth into that old Army wail.

Dirge. — Slow Music. — Half Cadence. — If reverse arms had been in our manual we undoubtedly would have marched thus with heads bowed.

"All we do is sign the pay-roll,
All we do is sign the pay-roll,
All we do is sign the pay-roll,
But we never get a goll darned cent."

The deep agony and suppressed emotion can not be reproduced in print, but it moved even the hardened file closers to tears.

When, however, the Company was feeling more cheerful it assisted locomotion by "jumping grasshoppers." When one grasshopper jumped right over another grasshopper's back, and another one had done ditto, ditto, ditto, and this kept on until we had accounted for enough grasshoppers down through St. James Street, to have started an Egyptian plague, then somebody would be sure to get sentimental.

I never knew why the Company collectively and individually felt so sorry for "her lover far away," but they apparently did, and the Grasshopper Quartet would wail "Far away," — with first the tenor getting "far away" and then the bass getting ever farther away.

Of course we had a perfectly good Company marching song, but it was too conventional for ordinary moods.

Its form was stated by one of our Professors, who teaches the classic languages, to be probably a Dactylie Hexameter modified by a Hellic Staccato probably showing the early influence of the noise of the South Station on the Folk Songs of the guard.

On the average it may be said to have consisted of the following verses:

A COMPANY — MARCHING SONG

1.

We are the boys of Company **A** you've heard so much about,
Everybody watches us whenever we go out.
We're on the job from first to last, be it day or night;
We've got the butts and bayonets if any one wants a fight.

Chorus

When we go marching and the band begins to P-L-A-Y
You can hear the people shouting
There's plenty of pep in good old Company **A**.

2.

We are the Newton Company, you've seen us in review;
Most everybody likes us, and we hope you'll like us too;
We've taken on this little job, we'll say it isn't fun,
But you bet we're going to stick it out until the job is done.

Chorus

3.

We've cleaned up Roxbury Crossing, and we've covered Station Nine
We're working out of old LaGrange, they say we're doing fine;
And if there's any other job they'd like to have us do,
Be sure that if we tackle it they know that we'll come through.

Chorus

4.

Our skipper is a bully boy, we all do love him well
If he should ever ask us we'd follow him to H——l;
With "Little Mac" and Ellie Spear, a team that can't be beat
Just watch the roughnecks fan the dust when Company **A** they meet.

Chorus

Back and forth we went day after day until we knew our ground, and we knew our job pretty thoroughly. Our original headquarters on the bench on the Common was superseded by the little cottage used by the Ladies' Rescue League (see page 26). It had a telephone and desk, and chairs and made a most luxurious office.

However, it was only available when we were on day duty, and we finally secured, through the good offices of Private Fernald, the use of the Emigrants' Room in the basement of the South Station. The Terminal Company cleared up for us and installed a telephone. Here we studied foreign languages in spare hours. We learned that פאר פרויין meant "guide left," while "Dla Mesczynich" meant "on right into line."

These Company headquarters enabled us to keep in touch with Battalion Headquarters at LaGrange Street, and also with the South Armory. We, furthermore, had District "Posts of Command." Sergeants on charge of our three districts made friends among the business houses and were frequently offered the keys of offices and the use of phones. Some of these we accepted, as they made close liaison pos-



A Company Headquarters on the Common



A Company Headquarters, South Station Basement

sible, and we were prepared to handle riot or fire emergencies in any part of our territory on telephone call for reserves.

In fact by this time we had done so many different kinds of duty that all you had to do was call, and the Guard could handle it. A leading "littery" light but a perfectly punk poet tried to get a "close up" of our varied and variegated activities, and it went something like this:

OFFICER — CALL THE GUARD

If your neighbor beats his wife, and you're worried for her life,
Just call the Guard on duty on your street.

If your water pipe is leaking and the parlor paper streaking,
Just call the Guard on duty on that beat.

If your mind's a little hazy or the streets of Boston crazy,
Just ask the first State Guard you chance to meet.
But if you are a "Jakey" and your legs are getting shaky,
You don't have to call the Guard upon the street.

Oh, the Jakeys they were plenty, every evening ten or twenty.
And they often kept us all from feeling glum,
So we balked them, and we stalked them, called the wagon or we walked them,
Till we put the Jakey business on the bum.

We guarded many places, selling hose or silk or laees,
Diamonds, candy, hardware, fruit or boots or shoes.
And we gave them all protection from the Riots to Election,
But the best watched place was where they sold the Booze.

And these Store-Keeps came to bless, asked for rather more than less
Sought to have a special Guard before the store,
But one place it seemed to jar was the place that kept a bar,
With that musket always passing by the door.

Yes, I think they won't forget, all the cold and storm and wet,
And that Guard in shabby cotton uniform,
At home a little fussy, apt to kick if things were mussy,
But as soldiers we were neither clean nor warm.

That, however, is all past, we are home again at last,
And private life once more has claimed the Guard.
But we'll say to Honest Cal, if he ever needs a pal,
That all he has to do is call the Guard.

And we'll say the same to Andy, when again it may be handy,
To keep the City quiet with the Guard.
But we needn't tell you, Ned, if again things come to head,
You can always count upon the old State Guard,
The dirty, ragged, "Law and Order" Guard.

The South Station is a more or less familiar location to most of us, but we usually see it on the run about as the 5.18 is pulling out. Not everybody, however, is as much in a hurry as we usually are in civil life. There were many people who had time during the strike to stop and talk to our sentries at this Station. It was a post that required more patience, more endurance and more imagination than any other in the city of Boston.

One of the ex-Top Sergeants of A Company re-enlisted for the strike as a high private in the rear rank. He was more or less of a "steady" on the South Station post.

According to "Mort" the following is a characteristic monolog in any old five minutes.

SOUTH STATION — POST!

4 paces, halt, port arms,

"Yes, that is the elevated."

2 paces, halt, port arms,

"No, madam, I haven't seen your baby."

3 paces, halt, port arms,

"Go right along through Summer to Winter."

2 paces, halt, port arms,

"No, I can't tell you where you can get one."

2 paces, halt, port arms,

"Yes, thank you, madam, I like my job."

1 pace, halt, port arms,

"Yes, madam, I had breakfast — yesterday."

No, madam, only cotton issued yet.

Yes, madam, I have my mother's consent."

2 paces, halt, port arms,

"Tunnel to Park Street — Under, Subway to Scollay and change."

1 pace, halt, port arms,

"Inside the entrance to the left."

2 paces, halt, port arms,

"Yes, you take a train here for New York."

3 paces, halt, port arms,

"Yes, sir, I think your foot slipped — Taxi!"

Move on — break away, — clear the walk.

Yes, he fell, — No, not drunk, — Yes, he stubbed his toe,

Move on — move on — keep on moving."

"No, madam, try Filene's."

"Yes, sir, good show at the Howard."

"No, madam, other side of street."

"Yes, Miss, 5 minutes' walk,

No, I can't leave my post. Good-by."

Corporal of the Guard. Relief!

In the performance of our duties certain things became a matter of habit, and inasmuch as they were new habits they frequently functioned with embarrassing accuracy. Private "Giff" is a soldier who acquired military habits late, but lastingly. After having acquired the habit of always coming to port arms when addressing any one, he was seen one day talking to a horse at the curb. He is very fond of horses and it was nothing unusual for him to say a kind word to some dumb animal. On this occasion, however, he was caught addressing the horse while standing rigidly at port arms in strict accordance with the book.

On another occasion Corporal Dame was confronted with a particularly offensive and threatening gang which was announcing its intention to come over and clean him up. Corporal Dame stood it as long as his instructions required, then he was seen to half face and begin to load with a deliberation and precision which made it perfectly obvious that the affair was being executed "by the numbers." He was not heard to count out loud, but loading by the numbers was a habit, and he was functioning true to form. Having finished his loading, however, and standing ready, military habit ceased. Apparently the next step according to military practice was not fixed in his subconsciousness. At that point, however, a perfectly good civilian habit cropped out and immediately upon reaching "READY" he was heard to issue an invitation to the gang "to come over and start something," which invitation was not couched in the exact language of the book, but was so eloquently formulated that it was not accepted, and the gang decided to go on and try some one else.

One part of our section had a peculiar fascination and charm, particularly for Private Silveria. Whether it was the aroma of the Chop Suey or the particularly alluring glint of the slanted eyes of the Chinese maidens we never knew, but he adopted Chinatown and Chinatown rather adopted him.

It was through his vigilance that the authorities were tipped off as to the presence of opium in a certain honorable lodging house frequented by the Chinese. Private Silveria accompanied the detail that made the raid. He conducted much of the original investigation. It was one of his personally conducted tours underneath a bed that led to the disclosure of a telephone book which had been cut out so as to form a box in which was found about \$10,000 worth of opium, which, in turn, led to further search bringing the total value of opium found up to about \$40,000. It was the most important recent raid and one of the very few successful raids, as the Boston Chinese have still "the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain."

From the extreme condition of the first week of rioting, storekeepers lapsed back into a sense of ultra-security. Just because there was a patrol on the block, many storekeepers thought it entirely unnecessary to lock their doors. Part of the duty of our patrols came to be to go around and report the unlocked doors which they found. Sometimes the persistence of the storekeeper in keeping his door unlocked at night was embarrassing. This was especially the case of a certain well-known corsetiere on West Street. The patrol who invariably reported this shop door unlocked became the butt of many heartless and unChristian jests. In the first place, he was not married and his interest in the shop seemed entirely too great for an unmarried man. In the second place, while having an excellent military carriage, his figure was not adapted to the styles displayed in this shop. He was accused however, of all sorts of things.

Sometimes windows were found open. On one occasion upon investigating an open window, fresh blood was discovered. Sergeant Mead broke the police record

on an eight-block run to the Station. He turned out the reserves and brought them double time to the scene of the murder. With loaded pieces the bravest were thrust in through the window. Those without waited breathlessly in full expectation that the desperate assassin would only be taken dead, and no one knew how well he might be armed or how true his aim. The advance guard heard voices in a rear room and saw a light glint through a crack in the door. With a rush, the door was opened and two gentlemen of Hebrew persuasion were discovered armed with long knives. The floor was covered with chicken feathers. They were merely preparing Kosher for the next day as part of their official duties, and having mislaid the key had been obliged to enter the chicken establishment by the window.

No account of this tour of duty would be complete without mention at least of our old friend Jakey. Jakey had been a God-fearing and law-abiding citizen in these parts for many years. He was well known and received in the best of homes. It never had been a crime or a misdemeanor to entertain him or to be found in his company.

As soon as we had had time to analyze and classify the different types of jags, we discovered that Jakey was the "wust one of the lot."

Whether Jamaica Ginger is an extract or an essence was a matter of long argument. You can prove almost anything by a dictionary, but you cannot stop an argument if some one is bound to have one. After the pile of empty Jakey bottles "frisked" from each evening's crop of arrests had grown so large that it threatened to overflow the Lieutenant's desk, it became obvious that something had got to be done.

At this point it was decided to raid some of the more flagrant offenders. Accordingly a raid was pulled. The first prize was awarded to a certain innocent-looking little fruit-store. This enterprising vendor of fruits was found to have in stock 1228 bottles of Jamaica Ginger. This was more than enough to have flavored every banana, apple, orange, pear, peach, and plum that he had in stock, and then have been sufficient to have filled the only three cans of olive oil that he carried. In other words, the Jakey business had been so much better than the fruit business that he had become de facto a Jakey bar with merely a fruit camouflage.

But Jakey was not the only new beverage discovered in these dry times. On some three separate occasions we captured a very rare species of jag known as the Lemon-Pink. The Lemon-Pink is a very vivid jag, and can be readily distinguished by certain characteristics. In the first place the Jagee is curiously always male. In the second place the Jagee is always very buoyant, with an apparent entire absence of bearing-down feeling. Upon frisking a Lemon-Pink there will be found in the right-hand hip-pocket a three-ounce bottle of lemon extract which is ninety per cent alcohol. In the left hip-pocket there will be found a pint bottle of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, scheduled as eighteen and one-half per cent alcohol. "The Lemon-Pink," named affectionately after the lady who did so much for woman's suffering, was produced by shooting one ounce of lemon extract into four guzzles of the vegetable compound, thereby producing a beverage not unlike port wine in taste, smell, and sediment, and closely approximating the kick of a double-barrel duck gun loaded for bear.

From week to week we looked in vain for orders which would relieve us and let us get back to business. There were many and varied rumors always in the air. Sometimes we were going to be sent home the next day, sometimes we were going



This is a reproduction of the field map cut out and pasted on the bottom of a box used at Company Headquarters, South Station, in the final disposition of force on the three blocks into which the district was divided.

They were named from their shapes as "The Hook District," "The Silk Stocking District," and "The Bootleg District." These pet names have been relettered; otherwise the reproduction is a facsimile of the original.

to stay on duty all winter. We thought of our cotton uniforms and shivered. We remembered the previous occasion when the Guard had done duty on the waterfront in cotton with the thermometer below zero.

We had many applications for discharge, furlough, or passes. The Skipper looked these over and did the best he could. One day he received, "through channels," a letter asking for endorsement. He scratched his head and wrote "not approved." Next day the bulletin board displayed a "pome." This is a copy:

*THE (BETTER) HALF
has never been told*

I didn't wed my Hubby for a soljer,
I married for his good looks and his pay.
He drew about three thousand as I told yer,
And now he gets one fifty-five a day.

No gal must tell my Husband he's a Hero.
I need him home to shake the furnace down.
I know his pants ain't warm enough for zero.
I know that he ain't safe alone in town.

I guess I'd better write his Cap a letter.
And tell him that I'm working awful hard.
That for my man to stay at home is better,
Than patrol around some other woman's yard.

At length, however, the day came when **A** Company's quota was ordered cut in half, part to remain on duty and part to be furloughed out. It was a difficult and delicate subject. Nearly every man felt that his own business and family requirements were such that he should go, but he wanted to see each and every one of the other fellows go. Furthermore, our sentiment had always been to stick together, and we would have all felt very much better to have stayed on duty together for a while longer and then all go at once. But orders are orders.

The Skipper was in a very delicate position, but with characteristic frankness and good humor he put the proposition up to the Company, and it was decided to settle the matter by lot.

A slip was made for each man in the Company, and as each man's name was called his slip was put in a hat. Every man knew that he was "in." In order to make sure that the affair was a matter of chance, a volunteer was called for from the ranks, and Private Purington reached up into the upheld hat and gave the slips an impartial and thorough stir. Mac then drew the required quota for the "Army of Occupation," as the Skipper named the little band of **A** men that was to stay on duty, one by one.

The first slip drawn was Private Purington, who had stirred the slips in the hat. He grinned and fell in as the first man who was picked to stay. Name after name was called. It was serious business for some of the men. If half of the Company had to go home anyway, each hoped that he would be in luck.

As each name was called the unlucky man responded with a grin and a joke. It was like cutting off a dog's tail by inches. It hurt both the fellow who had to stay and the fellow who had to go. It could easily have been the occasion of bitterness and hard feeling. The spirit of the Company, however, carried the thing



A Company, October 25, 1919

through as a huge joke, and made a party out of it. In fact, when the smoke had cleared away we found that Hookie had wheeled up a truck load of ice-cream and cake, and we feasted together for the last time.

The Skipper was deeply moved by the way the men took their hard luck and with their determination to keep up the traditions of the Company. He little knew, however, that he was going to be put to an even more severe strain. This came when Private Miner stepped up to him, saluted, and reported that he had the First Sergeant's permission to address him. He was holding in his hand a leather case containing a gold watch; everybody was wise but the Skipper.

What Private Miner said pleased the fellows as much as it upset Captain Crowell. For those of us who do not remember the words we print his little presentation speech as expressing the sentiment of the Company for the big fellow who had given so much of his time and strength to keep the Company fit and happy.

"THIS LITTLE GIFT, FROM EVERY MEMBER OF COMPANY A, EXPRESSES APPRECIATION OF YOUR UNSELFISH, SYMPATHETIC AND MANLY LEADERSHIP. GOLD IS MOST DURABLE, TIME WITHOUT END; SO IS OUR FEELING OF FRIENDSHIP. WE KNOW THAT THIS TOKEN WILL REMIND YOU OF OUR ESTEEM AND AFFECTION."

On the back of the watch was the following inscription:

CAPTAIN HENRY W. CROWELL
FROM
COMPANY A OF NEWTON
11TH REGIMENT INFANTRY
M. S. G.
OCTOBER, 1919.

The next morning we turned out bright and early (although the day was far from bright), and were officially "shot" by the Company photographer on the steps of the Public Library. In this picture, which is reproduced on page 33, we have a record of the last time that A Company with its strike personnel was together.

Down in front of the Paine Building two more pictures were taken, one of the whole Company and one of the "Army of Occupation." The "Army of Evacuation" then marched down for their last street duty, while the first "Army of Occupation" turned back to the Armory to prepare for further duty.

At 4 p. m. the trucks loaded with baggage left for the West Newton Armory, and the "Army of Evacuation," under Sergeant Wales, took the train.

The Officers and the "Top" were the last to leave, but overtook the truck as it pulled up in front of the Armory, and just in time to see the column, under Sergeant Wales, marching down Washington Street from the West Newton Station. We checked in and checked out, and it did not take us long to beat it for home, subject to call, but a call that never came.

Meantime, on Boston's streets, the other half of the Company, under Lieutenant MacClellan, was carrying on. That was the great disappointment and the one drawback to our joy.

The first "Army of Occupation" left in the South Armory consisted of thirty-eight men, under Lieutenant MacClellan. The roster will be found on page 36.

Our Newton men, while assigned as a part of the 10th Company 2d Provisional Regiment and under command of our old friend, Captain Bastian, maintained, in reality, considerable independence. They continued to occupy the old quarters in the corner of the Armory, and, except for the reduction in numbers and the loss of the companionship of the rest of the Company, prepared to carry on as before. On Sunday, therefore, our men went out on the 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. shift on our usual territory, from Tremont Street to the South Station, as shown in Map No. 2. Although much reduced in numbers, the original disposition, as shown on our field map at the South Station (see Map No. 4) was maintained. Corporals were placed in charge of the blocks instead of sergeants and the patrols spread out. Even with this thinning it was possible to give patrols but very infrequent relief, and nothing except splendid teamwork under the non-coms and perfect cooperation among the men made it possible to cover this large and important district without an immediate disclosure of the fact that the men were so few and far between.

All during that week and until November 1, the first "Army of Occupation" covered this territory in the same way, and as we came back and forth to business, we found things going on much as usual. It did not seem quite right for one member of the Company in "cits" to go freely back and forth to his business while his Company mate was lonesomely patrolling his post without proper relief.

On Sunday, November 2, part of **A** Company detachment was shifted to territory under Station 16 in the Back Bay district (See Map No. 1). Part of the detail still remained in the Station 4 section, but were stationed at Park Square. From November 3 to November 8 this arrangement was maintained. At Station 16 the boys began to realize what November can do for weather — rain and wind and cold. The beats out along the Basin were exposed, and there was none of the shelter which the taller buildings and narrower streets of the city had afforded.

The sandwich and coeoa at midnight did not fill the void nor warm the marrow. And yet our little old army did not hunt the warm boiler-rooms, but stuck out their long routes of patrols.

On Sunday, November 9, the detachment went back to its old territory, from Tremont Street to the water-front, and on day duty. Over Monday and the holiday and through the week things remained the same, and on up to November 15.

On Sunday, November 16, there came a second cut in quota. The second "Army of Evacuation" of twenty-two men marched away, leaving only eleven men as the second "Army of Occupation" (see Roster, page 36). The remaining eleven men formed part of the 4th Company, 3d Provisional Regiment, under Captain Frye, with Lieutenant MacClellan still on the job. At 12 o'clock, noon, forty men from this Company, including the eleven men from **A** Company, were sent to cover Station 16. At 6.15, twenty-three men from this detachment, including all of the **A** Company contingent, were ordered to the Bacon Building.

"FIRST ARMY OF OCCUPATION"

October 26 to November 16, 1919

Lieutenant

JOHN A. MACCLELLAN

Mess Sergeant

FRANKLYN RANDALL

Sergeant

GEORGE W. YOUNG

Corporals

HERBERT E. DAME

JAMES A. O'DONNELL

HERBERT H. PALMER

WINTHROP B. SARGENT

Cook

JOHN J. CRONIN

Musician

WALTER I. KNUDSEN

Privates

Adams, William H.

Malaney, James H.

Barrett, William

McAuslan, Albert H.

Benninghove, Samuel

McGregor, Walter L.

Brackett, John W.

McHugh, Michael F.

Brackett, Richard B.

McHugh, Patrick J.

Dow, Ernest F.

Morton, Chester A.

Dunham, Ellery A.

Owen, Henry S.

Evans, Robert

Proctor, Robert

Gleason, Theron

Proctor, Thomas W.

Guiffre, John

Pullen, William L.

Hodgdon, Robert T.

Purington, Ralph W.

Jack, John H.

Reinstein, Frederick H.

Jellison, John A.

Silveira, John J.

Loring, Richard T.

Smith, Edward L.

West, John G.

"SECOND ARMY OF OCCUPATION"

November 16 to November 23, 1919

Lieutenant

JOHN A. MACCLELLAN

Sergeant

GEORGE W. YOUNG

Musician

WALTER I. KNUDSEN

Cook

JOHN J. CRONIN

Privates

Adams, William H.

McHugh, Michael F.

Benninghove, Samuel

McHugh, Patrick J.

Dow, Ernest F.

Owen, Henry S.

Reinstein, Frederick H.

Artificer Potter detailed to Headquarters Supply Co., October 26, 1919.

Robert Chapman, Jr., substituted for Ellery A. Dunham from November 9 to November 16, 1919.

In the course of making the details for the day, however, the **A** Company men had been pretty widely scattered on details sent to different points. Therefore, when night came some of the **A** Company men were at the Bacon Building, some came back to the South Armory, some were located at Station 11, while one was at the Charles Bank Gymnasium. This scattering was most disheartening to the few men of **A** Company forming the second "Army of Occupation," without the companionship of their own buddies and thrown under strange officers with strange men.

On Friday, November 21, Captain Crowell discovered this state of affairs, and made all haste to have **A** Company men brought together. It did not take him long, once he was able to locate the boys, to get orders to reassemble them. On Saturday, November 22, the eleven were once more together at the South Armory. The next day, however, November 23, came the third cut in quota.

By this time it seemed heartless to leave two or three **A** Company men alone, and at this point the Captain again got busy, so that about 12 o'clock, noon, on Sunday, November 23, the last of the second "Army of Occupation" made its exit from the South Armory and hastened to the home station on "reserve" with the rest of Company.

This terminated **A** Company's active part in strike duty. It was only necessary to check up supplies and equipment and gather in the last of the pay-rolls.

One little ceremony, however, should perhaps be recorded, because it really formed a part of this tour of duty, and for many represented the last service together of the Company in its strike personnel. The Company may not have established much of a reputation in the Guard for church attendance, but the Company to a man believed in "Doc" Loring, and believed that anything that "Doc" Loring believed was absolutely right, and that they would back him in the very last word of it.

The Skipper suggested to the "Doc," that if his congregation would stand for it, the Company would like to come down some Sunday and attend his morning service. December 14 was cold and rainy, but fifty-four men, including the Major himself, met at the Armory and went down to "Doc" Loring's church. The service was particularly beautiful, and what the "Doc" said went straight to everybody's heart. The attendance of so many men on such a morning was as splendid a tribute as could be paid to our Soldier Parson, who had served so faithfully and so patiently, and who, without any word of rebuke or reproach, by his own example, had been preaching silent sermons to the Company for two years and a half.

Ense Petit Placidam Sub Libertate Quietem

It is doubtful whether any of the members of **A** Company who took part in the strike duty in Boston overestimates the importance of his services. However, it must be recognized that the mere fact that so many citizens in this Commonwealth, taken from every walk of life, should be willing to give their time and service to the State, is one of the strongest arguments against pessimism as to the future of our governmental institutions. No one man, perhaps, did anything worthy of particular note. The names of those who took part will not be remembered; but one fact stands out clearly: when the essential principles of our government are threatened, the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts may be depended upon for direct, positive, and unequivocal action.



18/11/58

